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MP NEWS

VOLUME XII OCT.1970 NUMBER VI

.....and the walls came tumbling down!

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The M.P NEWS is published monthly by the men of Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge, Montana, with the permission of the Warden, Prison Administration and the Board of Institutions.

The purpose of this publication is to give inmates the opportunity for self expression; to provide a medium for discussion of public problems; to foster better understanding between inmates and the public; and to be constructively informative.

The M.P. NEWS does not, nor is it intended to reflect the view or opinions of the Board of Institutions or the Staff of Montana State Prison.

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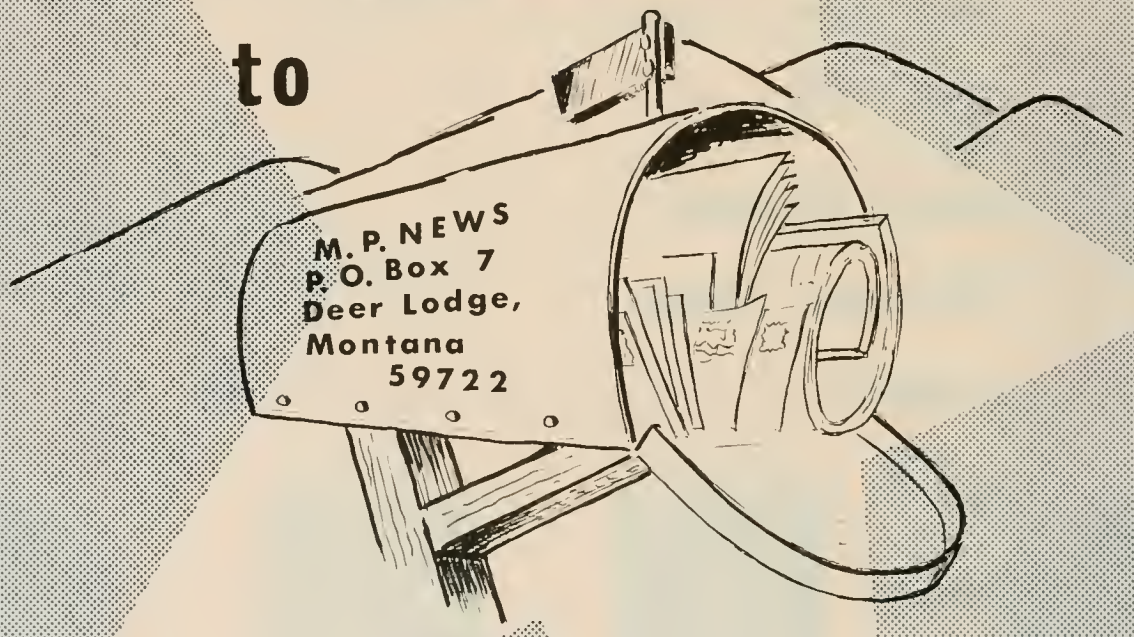


$2.00 PER YEAR $2.00

PAGE ONE

DEAR MR. CHARLIE

This very well could be the last editorial I'll do for this publication. (May it be the last I ever write for -ANY- prison periodical.)

While putting this magazine together over the past months we've been the subject of many descriptive phrases, most of which haven't been highly complimentary. On occasion we've been called tactless, crude, hard-headed, pro-administration, and dingy as a pet coon. These are just some of the things we've been called which we can print. If that is the way we appear to a person, then that is what we are to them! But now comes the unkindest cut of all. We've been accused of being overly sensitive and a sentimental slob.

After a quick flurry of righetous indignation, I have considered the accusation, and have decided that it is at least partially correct. But only partly. I am insensitive to self-pity; unsympathetic about trying to place the blame for our own misfortune on others. But I am quite sentimental about the past that connects with the future; I am both sensitive to, and in sympathy with, kids with problems; and with the position of the friends and families of the men who are sent to prison.

Regardless of what you may have read elsewhere, it doesn't require any particular amount of courage to serve time in prison. You can't back out; you have no choice. HOWEVER, there is an element of courage involved in how you serve your time, and in what you accomplish while doing it, but there is NO CHOICE.

The courage involved in serving a prison sentence is the courage shown by the families and friends of those men confined. There is no question but what it takes a lot of courage to hold up one's head and say, "Yes, my son, (husband, brother, friend, etc.) is in prison." A convict is isolated from such embarrassment. He is confined with men in the same situation, and with those employed to supervise his confinement. Not so his family and friends. It takes courage to remain loyal. Such loyalty is the past that connects with the future, and if these comments make of me a sentimental slob; then I'm a sentimental slob.

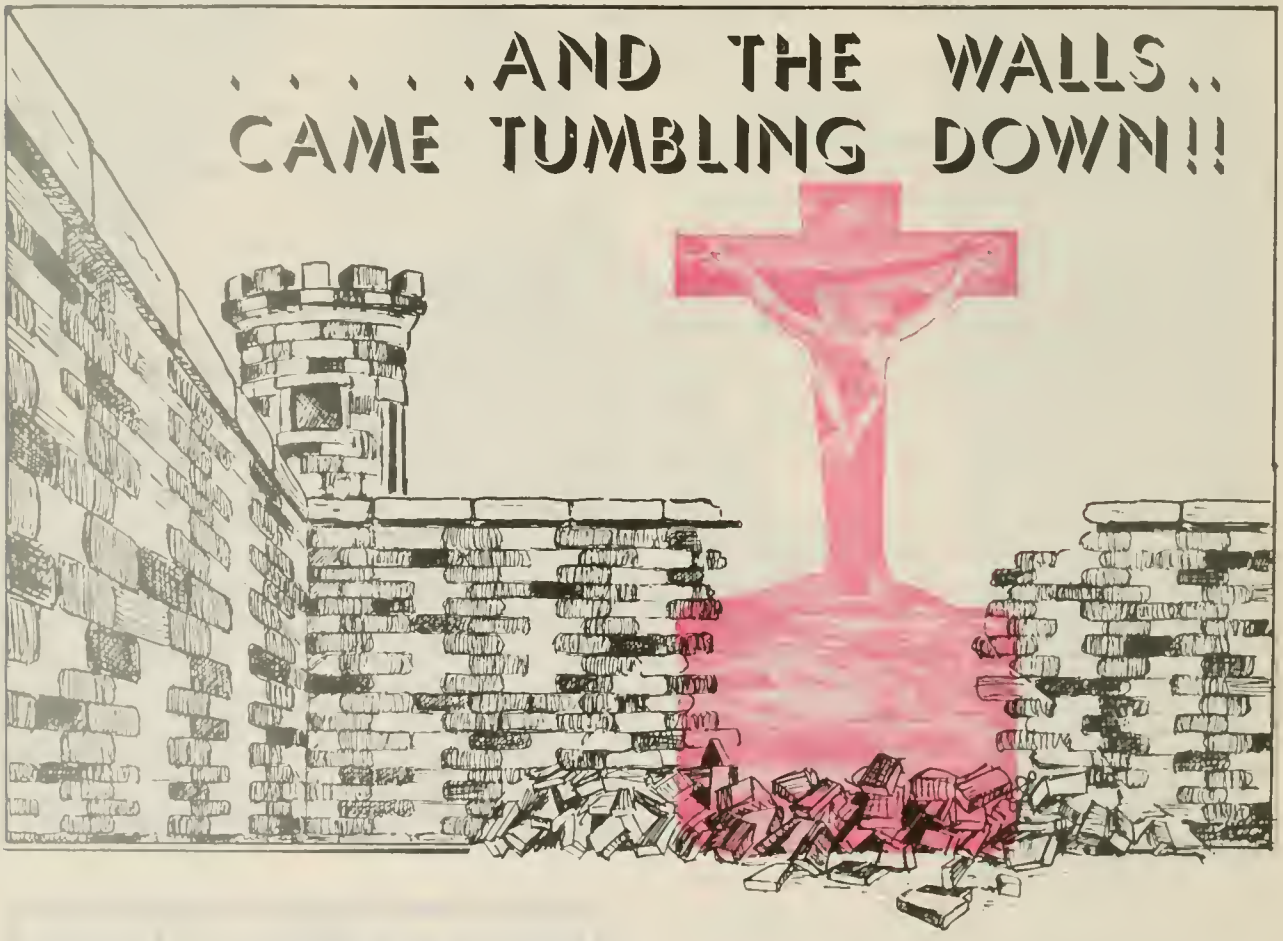
These same people also suffer the "guilt by association" attitude that is so prevelant in our culture, and I feel sympathy for their position. But sympathy mixed with admiration, respect, and gratitude. For you see, it is their courage, and their encouragement, that can make a man emerge from prison a better person.

Unfortunately, not everyone has the strength or courage required. But the number who do is amazing. In my case I cannot think of a single person who I feel "let me down", but rather the contrary is true. Yet I have been given understanding, encouragement and acceptance. And all without sympathy. And I am firmly convinced that the men in this institution who will make the adjustments necessary to enable them to go from prison and make a new and better life for themselves, will owe the most of their success to their own determination, and to the courage of their supporters in offering understanding, encouragement and acceptance without sympathy, or sentimentality about the things which are over and done.

Now who's a sentimental slob Mr. Charlie?????

AND THAT'S (30), I HOPE!!!!!

MPnews EDITORIAL


. . . . . AND THE WALLS ..
CAME TUMBLING DOWN!!

"...BEHOLD, I HAVE SET BEFORE YOU AN OPEN DOOR, WHICH NO ONE IS ABLE TO SHUT..."

...REV. 3:8

CURSILLO

'THE DAY CHRIST CAME TO PRISON'

A successful short, intensive course in Christianity----AND, IN MONTANA STATE PRISON???? Absurd!!!!! But it happened.

Back in mid-July word began to circulate around the institution that a "CURSILLO" was to be held the last weekend of August. There was very little information available as to just what a Cursillo was. The meaning of the word itself wasn't to be found in any dictionary, and if you made inquiries about all you got was a smile and the remark, "You'll just have to go and see for yourself." All the inmate population knew was, it dealt with some phase of religion and was to be conducted by a group of people from outside the prison.

The sponsors hoped that thirty inmates would express a desire to participate----but applications were slow to come in. If you asked an inmate if he planned to attend his reply usually went something like this. "Of what practical value is a course in religion when I need someone to keep me informed about my kids?" "The Sermon on the Mount didn't get me in here and it isn't going to get me out----OUT!"

On Thursday night, August 27th, twenty-two convicts and three members of the staff at Montana State Prison (a Sergeant on the correctional staff, a member of the Social Service Department and the Protestant Chaplain) commenced, what turned out to be one of the most moving experiences of their entire lives.

What is a Cursillo? The word is Spanish in origin and there are a number of translations. "A Short Course in Christian Living", "A Course in Forming Christian Community" but the most commonly used translation seems to be, "A Little Walk With Christ". THAT'S WHAT IT TURNED OUT TO BE.

The team of outsiders to present the Cursillo was made up of twenty-seven men including five priests. On Thursday afternoon they moved into the prison and until Sunday night's conclusion they lived just as the convict candidates. They slept in cells, they ate their meals with the convicts in the mess hall. All in all, lived just as a prisoner.

(.....CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....)

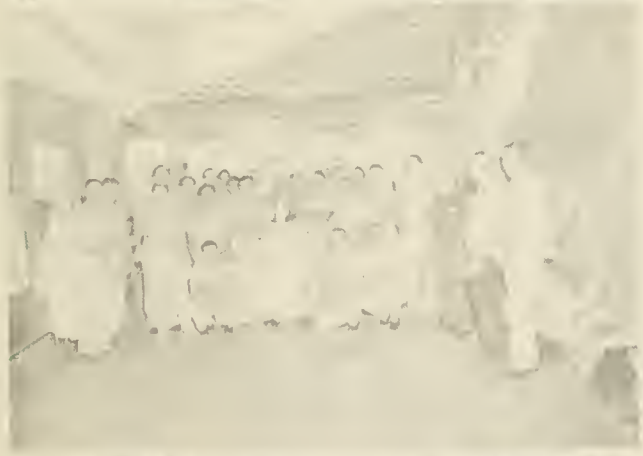
¡VIVA! DE COLORES

Vocationally the laymen of the team came from a wide segment of our economy. There were...insurancemen, engineers, a city inspector, a truck driver, a painting contractor, an advertising consultant, a telephone man, a butcher, a concrete finisher, a school teacher, a U.S. Postal employee, They came from Great Falls, Helena, Butte, Anaconda and one came from as far away as Vancouver, B.C.

Roughly speaking, the Cursillo is neither a retreat nor a course in Catholic doctrine, yet it has elements of both. The candidates or participants are divided in "families" seated at six or seven tables with at least one Cursillista (an individual who has already attended a Cursillo) at each table as a guide. A candidate at each table is named leader and another secretary for the discussion and summary after each Rollo (talk). Each table also prepares a poster to visualize... key ideas of the talk. The summaries and posters are presented at the end of each day. In all there are fifteen Rollos presented; five each day, Friday through Sunday.

The ultimate goal of a Cursillo is to bind all humanity into a vital Christian community. This is done by helping to teach those making a Cursillo to live their lives close to Christ----by studying about Him----by praying to Him, following His way of thinking and acting. You learn to understand that a closeness with Christ can not stop with the individual. Christians must share their love for Christ with others----bring others to know and love Christ. The Cursillo helps you to "find" yourself----it

DECURIA ¡VIVA!



gives you a real understanding of Christ and true Christianity. You develop an awareness of love-----the like of which you have never had before; love of Christ, love of people unselfishly giving untold hours, days and weeks preparing and presenting the Cursillo; the love of countless strangers who have made previous Cursillos, who write letters of encouragement to the candidates and promising to do penance for them so that their Cursillo would be successful.

The startling discovery of people who do care is incalculable. When a convict reads a letter addressed to him from a Mrs. Jones in Lewistown who promises to do a Rosary for him each day for the next month. Or the note from the little child who says that he will give up his TV cartoons for an entire week just for him.

The letters are written purely for the people making the Cursillo----an awesome, staggering experience for... anyone, much less a convict, as he reads these letters.

The full impact of what has transpired hits the convict on the final night of the Cursillo as several score of Cursillistas come pouring into the prison to help celebrate the new Cursillistas' happiness. Some of them, have come several hundred miles just to be present at the closing and to welcome a convict into a "Brotherhood" with Christ.

The pessimist or the skeptic might try to tell you that what had happened was the result of nervous exhaustion that you were momentarily moved by group dynamics. But deep down inside you----you know this isn't true----

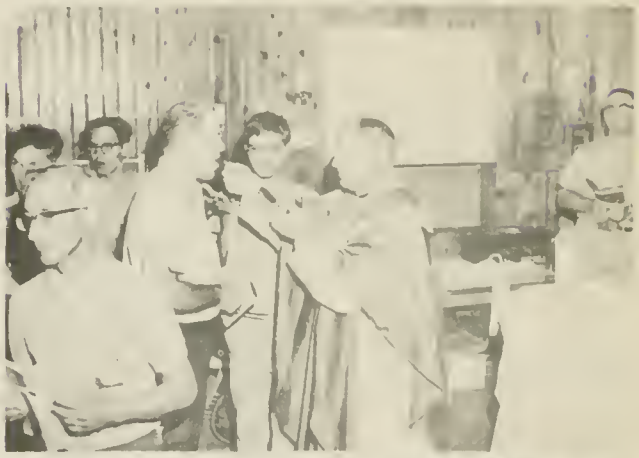
¡VIVA! CURSILLO

those around you may not be aware of it----but there is no question in your mind but what something wonderful has happened to you----that you have either re-established, or perhaps for the very first time, you have a relationship with God and you have a feeling of peace and fulfillment that you have never known before. You find yourself literally bursting with gratitude for what has happened for being able to see the wealth or intrinsic worth which is in man.

`hat did you as an individual find in the Cursillo? I suppose that to each candidate it was something that is almost impossible to explain----For you see for the most part in this day and age of so-called progress thought, our accelerated pace of living----and dying. In this age of stepped up logic and stepped on morals and ethics, tired cliches, the age of quick quips and the all too ready answer, permissiveness unparalleled and a turning away from the basic truths-----the idea of "Brotherhood" is a term all but obliterated in modern man's unseeing, unhearing and uncaring headlong dash to?%?%?%?%?%?

As we stumble pathetically along what we call this path of progress, we hastily brush aside, with cynical and hypocritical ease, those very basic essentials of life and living. The elements or essence of life----the adhesive or glue of living----LOVE---- we sacrifice for anything---everything.

The courage we so desparately need for the faith we put aside only results in clouding, or worse----neglecting the issue of truth.



ULTREYA ¡VIVA!

To pretend a philosophical or theological brilliance on our parts would indeed be folly.

To advance a notion of enlightenment with an accent on newfound meanings for some very old words would seem ambiguous.

But we think it is a task worth attempting.

Take for example the words--truth faith---courage---and love.

From Webster's point of view they're comparitively simple to define. In the mind of the average individual they are simply a matter of relavence. With observation and analysis in a Cursillo they become a revelation of self evident truths.

May we offer as a premise in our efforts at enlightenment these examples drawn from members of the team which put on our Cursillo:

The exhuberance and effervesence of Lee Wulf, who literally counted the minutes until he was able to participate in our Cursillo-----a human apark setting off one's curiosity--about a Cursillo, Christ and Christianity----a living example of the sincerity of----TRUTH.

The care-----the concern-----the conscience of Joe Boyle, who offers such an enveloping warmth----living proof of an affirmation of----FAITH.

The most intimate of pains and personal sacrifice of Kevin Shannon, who with his special grace of humor is living testimony of----GRACE.

The never ending self giving-----freely given of Frank Schoenen, whose example of devotion to God and his fellow man is the very essence of--LOVE.

The examples could stretch on seemingly into infinity.

In some ways they do.

The idea of truth, faith, courage and love is by no means novel. The pursuit of these goals is as old as time----and will continue to be.

The methods we use to seek these precious goals are variant. But there is one which affords a common denominator through which we can channel our intelligence and achieve an honest answer.

That method:

C H R I S T !

And that we feel----is the enlightenment to be found in a Cursillo.

DE COLORES

¡VIVA!

ULTREYA

One of our fellow inmate Cursillistas expressed it so beautifully and so simply----in poetic phrasing----his awakening or re-awakening to the truth of "Brotherhood" in Christ. He did it this way:

IN PRISON WITH GOD

Hold my hand, here today,
As I hold Yours, so far away.
Give me strength and spirit light,
To see me through my daily plight,
With love.

What's been done I can't forget,
And hold me down with past regret.
But, from You my strength abides,
To help me swim against the tides,
With love.

So hold the hand that's in Your mind,
And with pure heart I know I'll find,
That all's not lost or gone astray,
But it just paused to find its way,
With love.

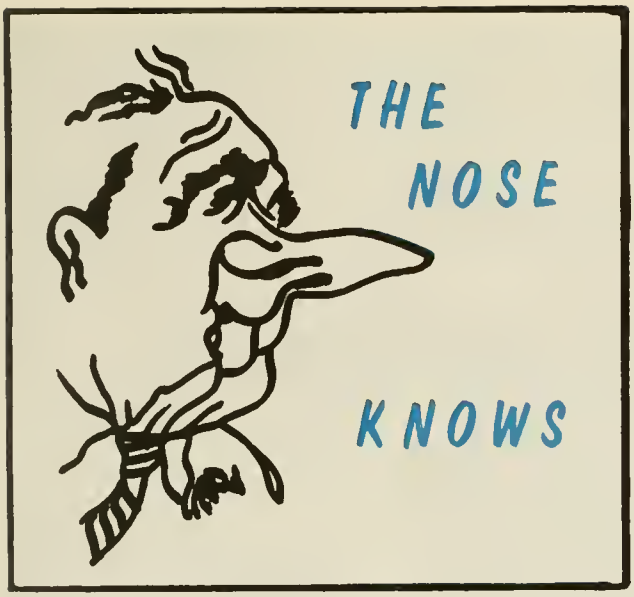
--by ANTON

And so it was on a weekend in August----a weekend filled with the warmth of revealing truths, of rekindled faith----a new found courage that shattered the barriers of despair, frustration and bitterness----a weekend we took "A Little Walk With Christ----and THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN!

346
THE DAY
CHRIST
CAME
TO PRISON....

The TRIP by ANTON

HIPPY: Jesus Christ, Man! Don't you know about Christ?
DIPPY: Never met the Cat....I'm from uptown.
HIPPY: He made the scene a long time ago...long hair, beard robe and sandals...you know! The hippie bit.
DIPPY: Yah!...love beads too?
HIPPY: Same thing...He preached peace on earth...good will towards men...the love scene.
DIPPY: Anti-establishment?
HIPPY: Radical as they come! The then establishment was the Roman Empire. He said He was the son of God, a prophecy fulfilled...and like that.
DIPPY: Wild man! Lay it on me!
HIPPY: Well...they couldn't dig this cat Jesus. He was claiming His own Kingdom. They couldn't understand why the people believed in Him.
DIPPY: So...what happened?
HIPPY: They crucified Him!
DIPPY: They what!!!!????!!!!
HIPPY: Crucified Him!!!...kangaroo court, crown of thorns, carried His own cross, nailed Him to it...let Him hang there and die...like a common criminal.
DIPPY: Criminal? What was His crime?
HIPPY: His claim to what he was...the Son of God.
DIPPY: What a way to go...sounds like a groovy cat...too bad they killed Him.
HIPPY: They didn't!
DIPPY: Huh???
HIPPY: His flesh and blood was no more...but His spirit was still there, as it was, is, and always will be. His physical death and spiritual resurrection...a proof to the people then...and the World now, that He died for all our sins...yours, mine, everyones. And to top it all off...if we live His kind of life, a Christian life, we can end up where he is right now.
DIPPY: Where's that?
HIPPY: Heaven.
DIPPY: Hey!!!...that's where it's at!!!
HIPPY: That's right.
DIPPY: That's heavy...Christian life huh?
HIPPY: Yah...Christ isn't really dead...you can still meet Him.
DIPPY: Oh? Where?
HIPPY: Everywhere...in every man...in every way. At home, at work...at play.
DIPPY: Hey, that's heavy stuff!!!...As soon as I come down off this acid trip, I want to learn more...about this...Jesus.
HIPPY: You're not on an acid trip.
DIPPY: Huh???
HIPPY: That wasn't an acid tab I gave you...just an aspirin ...You've just turned on to Christ!



DEAR NOSE: There's a guy out on the yard every day carrying a bag. I keep following him around to find out whats in it. I wonder what it is and why he doesn't show it to anybody?

SIGNED ! ONDERING

DEAR WONDERING: If it's the same guy I'm thinking about...for gosh sakes don't ask him. I followed him around for two weeks straight and finally inquired. That guy started talking at 9:00 AM and was still going at it when we went to chow. He followed me to chow and back out onto the yard never letting up for even a breath of air. I finally got tired and gave up, and tried to get away. He grabbed my arm, got a hammer-lock on me, threw me to the ground and held me while he continued. When they rang the dinner bell he was still going. If an officer hadn't come along we might have still been there! And I never did find out what was in the bag!

DEAR NOSE: Here's one for you. What ever happened to the three little pigs?

SIGNED ERV

DEAR ERV: We had them for dinner two weeks ago.

DEAR NOSE: What do you think of the threat of cancer due to cigarette smoking?

SIGNED HEALTHY

DEAR HEALTHY: It has me so nervous that I smoke 4 packs a day!

DEAR NOSE: If you could turn this place into anything you wanted to, what would you make it?

SIGNED ''ONDERING

DEAR WONDERING: I think it would make a lovely swamp!

DEAR NOSE: I hear they give suspended sentences for a lot of things in Canada. Is this true?

SIGNED NOSIE

DEAR NOSIE: Yes, they hang them!

DEAR NOSE: I find that I made a mistake in figuring my good time, and find that I have 3 more years to serve than I thought I had. What would you do.

SIGNED FLUSTERED

DEAR FLUSTERED: Cry!!!!!!

DEAR NOSE: What's the best way to catch a rabbit?

SIGNED CURIOUS

DEAR CURIOUS: Hide in the grass and make a noise like a carrot!

DEAR NOSE: Speaking of noses, that reminds me. I hear an officer saw yours sticking out from under the covers the other night and hit it three times with a count board before he realized that it wasn't a snake trying to get into your bed and bite you!

SIGNED FUNNY

DEAR FUNNY: Yeah, wise guy! And I'm carrying it in a sling. But, you keep it up and you're going to be carrying something in a sling and it isn't going to be your nose!

I grant you three wishes

Harvest Time '70

MSP

HARVEST TIME 1970

M S P

HARVEST TIME 1970

M S P

HARVEST TIME 1970

MSP

HARVEST TIME 1970

M.S.P

HARVEST TIME 1970

M S P

The NATURE TRIP

by Archie Warwick

I arrived at the top of the pass early in the morning. I could hear the knock of the woodpecker as he pecked away at the pine tree. Overhead, I saw and heard the cawing of the black crow. I looked down into the valley that lay spread out before my feet. I could see the fields of mountain flowers that grew there. I saw the Bear Grass gently swaying in the morning breeze. The sun was sweeping its arm of warmth down through the valley, bringing to life the living things beneath. The flowers spread their petals out in their many different colors; drinking the warmth and freshness the sun provided. I saw my breath evaporate into the chilness of the morning breeze. Far away on the opposite mountain, I could hear the bugling of the Bull Elk, calling out its challenge to be heard throughout the vast valley. I could see on the cliffs above, where I stood, the new born Mountain Goat taking its first steps, yet sure and steady. On the lake far below, I could see the ripples of the fish feeding, glimmering in the sun. The snow capped mountains standing majestically in their size, held on their slopes the beauty of nature. These peaks are catching the first hints of the morning light. The glaciers that stood just below the peaks winked and glimmered in the morning light. The waterfalls cascading down the mountainside, bringing the freshness and life to the things below. I could see the spray from the waterfalls reflecting rainbows in the morning light. I stood and stared in awe and wonder at the beauty of these falls. I could see the grassy path that led to the beauty of the valley and to these same falls. The beauty of the valley brought me to the realization that this is all real. This that God has created free of charge. There is no price on it, and only the mind and imagination to appreciate it all. I thank the Lord that He has created all, and given me my life to appreciate these things that are free.

HELP US

ESCAPE

FROM OUR PAST

HELP renew a Citizen

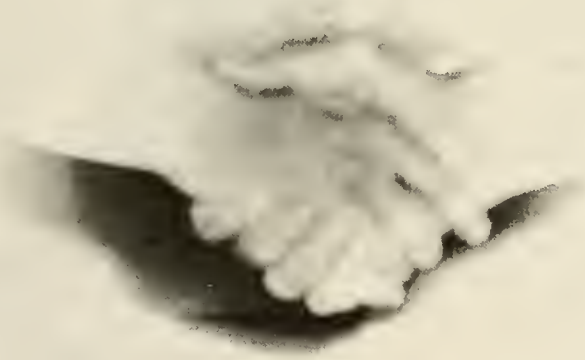
.....hire a PAROLEE

ATTENTION EMPLOYERS

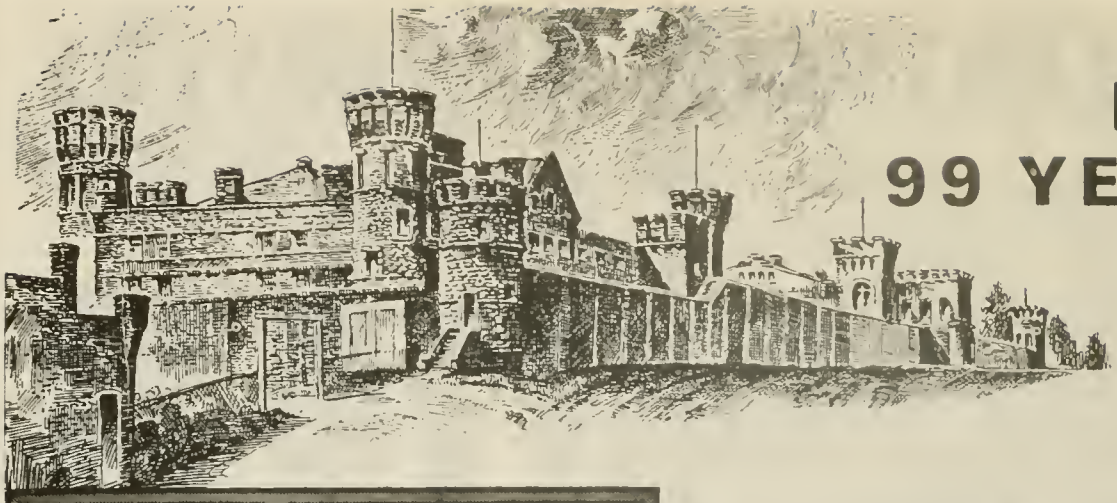
There are men presently awaiting release on parole who are seeking employment. Steady employment is a requisite of parole and these men cannot be released until they have secured an acceptable form of employment. Won't you consider helping these men in their efforts to rebuild their lives and to become useful productive members of the community? Firms throughout the state are requested to join this program to hire parolees. Start a "Pilot Program" with your firm now. For additional information please write to:

EMPLOYMENT, P.O. Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

And you may consider this: Parolees have more to lose than just a job!



Make him a TAXPAYER
NOT a.....TAXBURDEN



The First 99 YEARS MSP 1871 - 1970

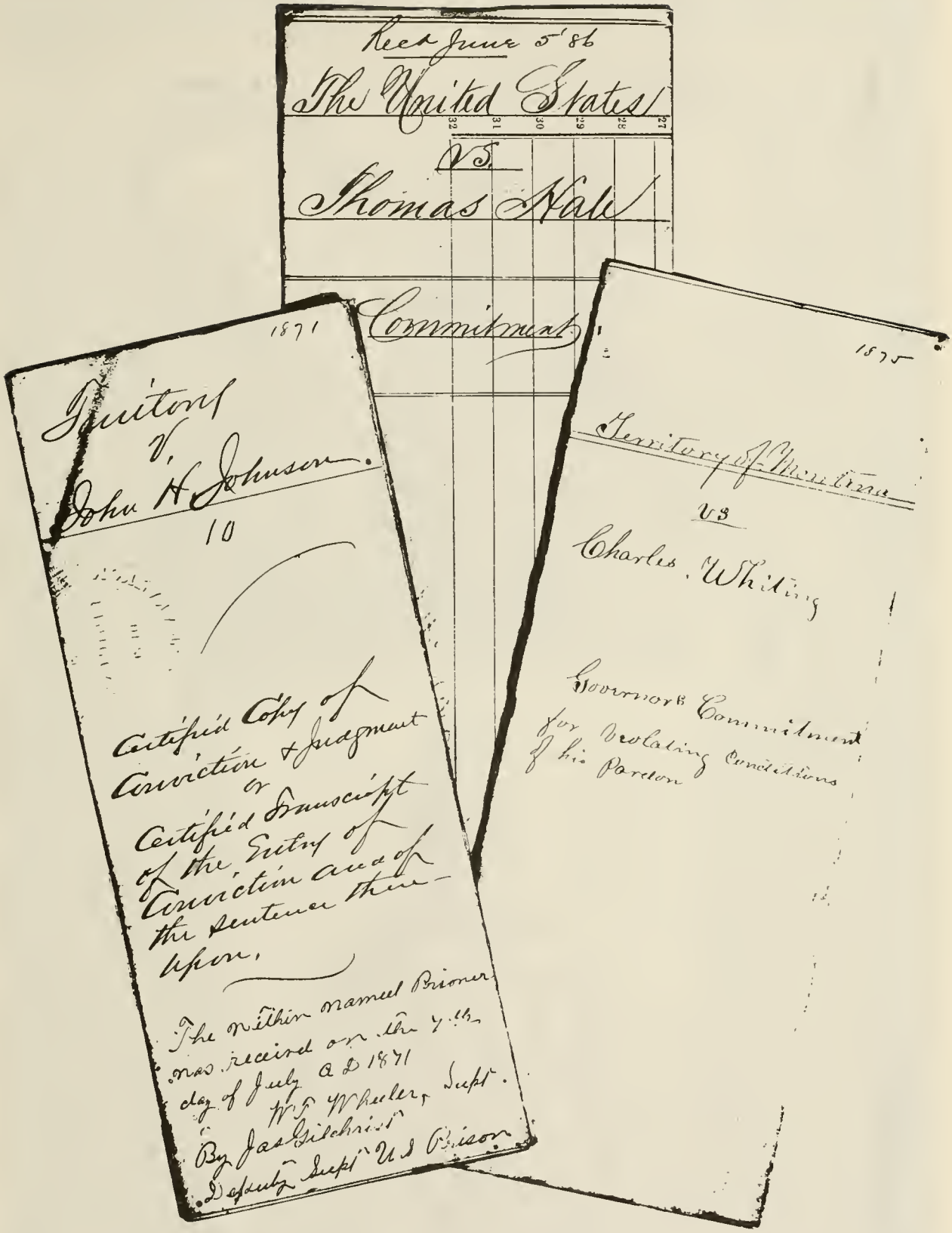
MPnews FOTO-FEATURE

PART THREE

In Parts One and Two of the FIRST 99 YEARS...we flipped through pages of Territorial Prison history. Attempting to give a comprehensive pictorial look at the institution's origin and development (or lack of it)...we can only skip rather lightly over the multitude of material made available within the limits of confinement.

The Third and final part of this limited pictorial presentation deals in the main with...a recapitulation of what has already been shown...and an attempt to knit the threads of tangible evidence togehter into a pictorial whole that does give a positive overall panorama of the times, the place and...the men.

The construction, the buildings, the walls...the newness (even archaic at the time)...the physical decay into an illusion of antiquity and delusion of necessity...the folkways and mores, the faces of men in an endless parade of duplicity, complicity, humanity, inhumanity, brutality and brotherly love, hate, violence, fear and degradation...it's all there...as we take another look...with PART THREE...of THE FIRST 99 YEARS!


Rec'd June 5 '86

The United States

vs

Thomas Hall

Commitment

1871

Territory

v.

John H Johnson

10

Certified Copy of Conviction & Judgment or Certified Transcript of the Entry of Conviction and of the Sentence thereupon.

The within named Prisoner was received on the 4th day of July A.D. 1871

W.F. Wheeler, Supt.

By Jas Gilchrist Deputy Supt. U.S. Prison

1875

Territory of Montana

vs

Charles Whiting

Governor's Commitment for Violating Conditions of his Pardon

At a District Court of the First Judicial District of the Territory of Montana in and for the County of Madison, held at the Court House in Virginia City, in Madison County, on the 17th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy (1870)

Present, the Honorable Henry D. Hauser,
Judge of said District,
Charles H. Gage,
Sheriff of said County.
William L. McMath,
District Attorney in and
for said District, and
C. C. Meaney
Clerk of said First Judicial District.

The following proceeding, among others was had, to-wit:

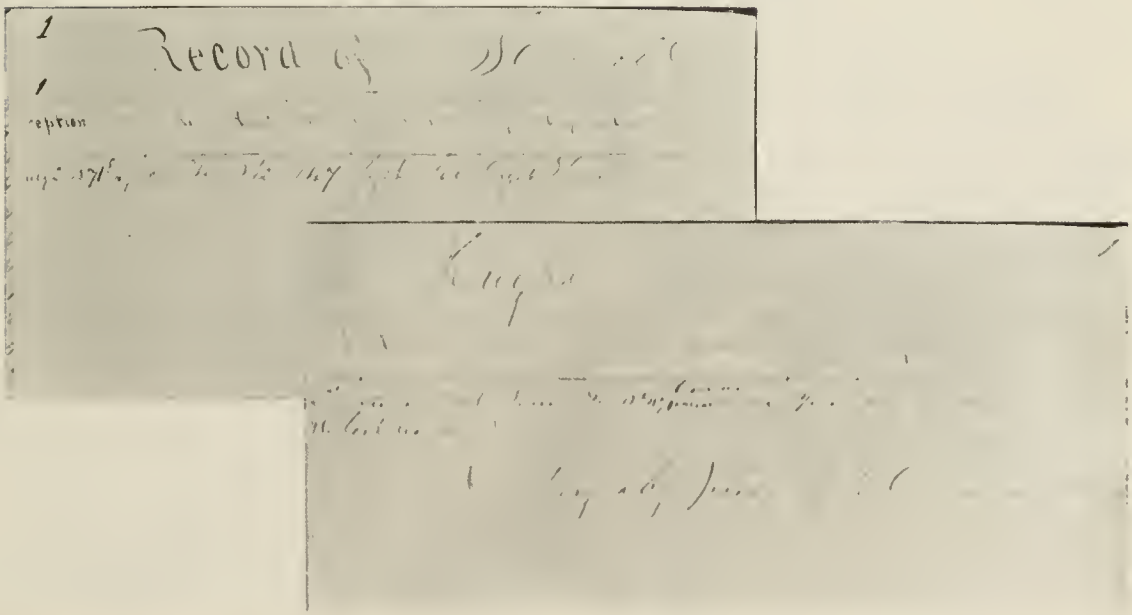
Pleas as Aforesaid:

The Territory
vs.
John H. Johnson
Murder 2d Degree

Comes the District Attorney, comes also the Defendant & his Counsel before sworn, and the Jury returned into Court, and being called, answer to their Names and say they find the following Verdict, "Virginia City, Madison County, Montana Territory, &c.
We the Jurors in the case wherein

Powell and State Penitentiary, Deer Lodge, Mont.

THOS. TOOHE
1239
M. GABRAUT
1249



Record
TERRITORY OF MONTANA
TERRITORIAL WARRANT

A part of the prisons past...its legend, history and heartaches can never be told "like it was". The true experience existed only in the minds and hearts of the men who lived it. A complete pictorial account is all but impossible...but...there are the records, the documents, the mementoes and artifacts...and with them we do get, at least a glimpse of yesteryear...and with that slight backward glance, there is perhaps an insight to the understanding we so desperately seek, in our efforts to visualize, rationalize and realize the real problems of this social dilemma we call...prison.

Maybe...just maybe, with that pondering peek at our past...its despair, degradation and total loss of human dignity...its foul, punitive attitude towards the "idea" of prison....it may be, we can find the solution to those perplexing problems of penology that were existent then...and to some extent, are existent even now.

Century One is completed. It would appear, that we are embarking on a new era of thought and attitude. With such a notion, perhaps the enigma and stigma that has been Montana's Territorial and State Prison, may be erased....and it will become an institution of progressive reform and rehabilitation.... during the NEXT 99 YEARS!

ENTERTAINMENT

From the standpoint of entertainment...September would appear to be a banner month.

Variety might well habe been the keynote...in that...different forms of entertainment were presented. From Religious harmony and thought provoking audience involvement to a free-swinging mode of musical form...it was all there... and all greatly received and much appreciated by the men of M.S.P.

It shouldn't go without saying that entertainment of this type is deeplyfelt and received at the institution. Quite simply...it is! With that thought we will be looking forward to future engagements of the coming season with more than a great deal of enthusiasm. The following pages then might well be a preview of what the future may hold for M.S.P. in the way of...ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Covenant PLAYERS

SEPT. 4, 1970...Entertainment of a very different nature was presented this afternoon in Clark Theater at M. S.P.

The COVENANT PLAYERS of Encino, California, graced the stage of our Theater with a series of plays designed to involve the audience and stimulate their thinking.

Their style of presentation is catalystic, challenging people to... think about what they believe. The plays (several of a repertoire of over 200) were presented as real situations with real people on stage presenting contemporary problems.

Through the use of humor, they involved the audience and created an identification with their characters.

We felt the dynamics of touching our lives with truth...the COVENANT PLAYERS...enabling us to "look at ourselves on stage"...and laugh while doing it.

THE Tripps THREE

SEPT. 6, 1970...The excitement of live musical entertainment was provided today by the TRIPPS III.

The Trio, composed of drummer.. lead and bass guitar, brought cheers and laughter to the Inmates of M.S.P.

Two performances were scheduled... the first in early afternoon at Clark Theater and late afternoon at...Rothe Hall.

The Group, now performing in their home town of Miles City, made the long cross-state journey for this special appearance immediately after last nights performance in that eastern Montana city...and....proceeded to turn around and make the return trek for a continuation of their contract there.

The show was timely and well received...quite natural for a group more than capable of the professional standing they enjoy...the TRIPPS III.

THE Waylighter SINGERS

SEPT. 15, 1970...At 11:00 o'clock this morning, the WAYLIGHTER SINGERS put on a performance at M.S.P.

The Group of singers is from... Northwestern Christian College...in... Eugene, Oregon and is composed of nine students (four girls and five boys).

Their performance consisted mainly of religious songs done in a real vibrant style. They also did some popular songs, including "Scarborough Fair" and "Up Up And Away".

The Group harmony was excellent and their voices seemed to blend into a very pleasant sound. They have been singing together only since the beginning of this year's school term.

Prior to their appearing here at M.S.P. they performed in Missoula and plan an extended tour through Montana with the next scheduled stop in Helena then on to Great Falls and Billings.

.....about those TOURS

by

G.E.R.

It won't be long now and once again the outside people will be traveling across our walks and through our shops. I have heard that the main reason for bringing these tours through the prison is to enlighten the outside people to our needs and to give them a first hand view of the prison and it's facilities. The object is to "SELL" the prison and it's needs to these visitors. This in itself isn't such a bad idea, but all too often the main reason is left out and the visitors haved missed what they actually were invited here to see. A point that is strongly pressed is security and what changes have been made to prevent another riot, such as that in 1959. It is my belief that by stressing these points continually the public is less inclined to help us in any way. It is a large belief to these people outside, who do not know anything of prisons, that a prison is a place of confinement for the dregs and criminally sick of their society. It is a belief also, that within these walls are confined men of a different being, not all human, but not altogether too much different than themselves. It is this image of ourselves we must change and their mistaken beliefs that we must change, before we can expect any help from them. To be a salesman for any product you must first know and understand the product. I feel that our best salesmen would be some of the men FROM WITHIN THE PRISON. These men could conduct the tours, explain our needs and give these people a better understanding of the men confined here. Understanding from the outside is where our HELP lies, for without their help this institution will continue being a place of PUNISHMENT and not REFORM.

I have been sitting here for some four hours wondering if I could get through to you guys out there in the population just what I've got to tell you.

Anybody that's been in prison more than 30 days knows just who it is that is sniffing glue "all the time". I'm here to tell you that you're on a bad trip if you think that's good time.

For 8 years now just about everyone in the institution kept telling, and in some cases, begging me to stop sniffing glue. You know how it is. Everytime that I got busted I'd swear and promise that "I'd never again sniff glue". I wouldn't be out of lock-up but a short while and I'd have some more glue and be "tripping" again.

I don't know about you guys, but I'd sniff because while I was sniffing I wouldn't be locked up. If I was doing hard time thinking about my girl, or just thinking of the streets, I'd grab the glue and get so "stupid" drunk that I wouldn't have enough sense to put it down when the man walked by. In other words, I was blocking out the world and some of the problems I've got in it. Well I would forget for a while. I'd even forget my own name for a while, but when I'd run out of glue the problems would still be there only magnified. So instead of facing these things like a man, I'd run for a bigger glue bag to "dissolve" the bigger problems. And all of this kept repeating itself.

I've had everyone from the Warden to my con friends tell me how this glue could ruin my physical and mental health. I'd say "Yeah, I know" and blow it off. All these things that they were talking about weren't happening to me, so "why should I worry about it". Well fellows it finally did happen. I'm lucky, as it sin't severe. But it is enough to finally wake me up.

This last trip down to disciplinary I was on another "glue trip" and at the time, everything was rosy. After laying around in the cell for awhile, the glue started to wear off and things started happening.

First of all, I couldn't see out of my lft eye at all. And when the vision did return, it was double.Then I started picking myself up off of the floor. This wasn't just passing out. It felt like somebody was walking up and hanging a sunday on me. This kept up for about 8 days and I'm still hitting the floor once in awhile. My vision is returning and the passing out is getting less frequent.

So whenever you think about sniffing, think "seriously" about what you are doing to "you". These things that they tell you happen from sniffing do not always happen to the other guy nor are they things that you just read about. If you think anything of yourself, you won't sniff anymore. I think quite a bit about "Jim", and none of you will ever see me on that stuff again.

I imagine that some of you guys are wondering what's happened to me or if I'm flipping out. No, fellas I'm just coming to my senses. I've got some pretty good friends who sniff once in awhile, and if one of them will completely stop sniffing by reading this, then my time spent writing this will be repaid a hundred times over.

I was awfully scared when I woke up with one eye blind and kept blacking out. I'm an awful lucky guy that I can go back to being normal. What if I couldn't???

By Jim Spurlock

20558

by
Gordie Wilkins

Once again Old Father Winter has seen fit to put an end to outdoor sports activity at M.S.P.

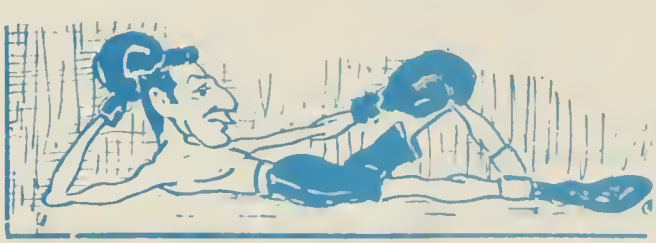
A brief re-cap on the summer sport scene might be in order though.

Slow-pitch Softball dominated all outdoor activity...and the M.S.P. Insiders dominated the field of play in both League and Tournament play. The Institution Nine proved to be the team to beat from opening day...and they brought home the winners trophy as the proof positive.

Laudits and plaudits to a great team and a great summer season.

Now that activity has switched to the indoor scene, the stress will be (for the next couple of months) on Boxing and competitive weightlifting.

The list of leatherslingers appears to be an impressive one this year, with Montana AAU Heavyweight Champ, Gary LaHere heading a club composed of impressive talent. Workouts are continuing on a daily basis with a proposed tri-city bout (Missoula, Helena, Great Falls) tentatively scheduled for sometime in late October or early November.



The Iron Men of M.S.P. have been working out daily...but with the.. added impetus of TEAM effort.

Heretofore these energies have been channeled more along lines of individual effort. With the hopes of a competitive showing against other weightlifting clubs, interest has increased in this demanding sport here at the institution and a consolidated effort by the members involved should prove we'll have a winner or winners when the time comes to go against any outsiders.

With the new season and new activities on hand.... let's take a pictorial peek at the happenings now and coming up this fall here at M.S.P.

IRON MEN

MSP 1970

MPnews

Hot Air Balloon

You get a beer gut from drinking too much beer, so you must get a pot belly from smoking too much marijuana. Right?

-o-

Why is it that so many prisoners have poor relations with their girls or wives? On wednesday, ya write yer girl gripin' about why she hasn't written, and on thursday ya get 2 weeks back mail from her. Sound familiar?

-o-

A devon, England, chap by the name of Harold Bates has invented a car that runs on Methane gas. This isn't so extraordinary except that the gas is derived from chicken, horse, cow, or pig manure carried in a tank in the trunk. It is tremendously successful and dirt (?) cheap. Can you imagine in 10 years pulling into a barnyard and saying "Fill it up."

-o-

We don't know which is going up faster - prices or mini-skirts.

But we're keeping our eyes on the situation.

-o-

If you see someone working a crossword puzzle with an ink pen, he's either awf l sure of himself or he can't find a pencil.

-o-

You can always spot an intelligent man. His views are the same as yours.

In the trophy room of a Montana hunting lodge there's a bulletin board with the names of the members and some of their more intrepid hunting feats. Opposite the name of Edward Roach is the notation: Killed thirty-four cases of scotch.

-o-

In Ahmedabad, India, a judge is looking for a woman so he can acquit her of murder.

He said the 40-year-old woman, accused of fatally stabbing a love rival hasn't been seen since she was excused from court to go to the ladies room shortly before the verdict of not guilty was decided.

-o-

A tramp knocked on the door of the Inn known as "George and the Dragon". The landlady opened the door and the tramp asked, "Could you spare a hungry man a bit to eat?"

"No!" replied the landlady, slamming the door in his face.

A few minutes later the tramp knocked again. The landlady came up to the door again. This time the tramp asked, "Could I have a few words with George?".

-o-

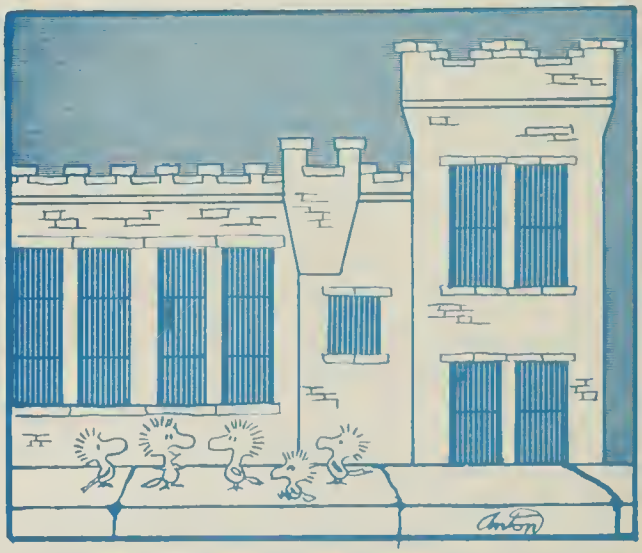
"I got two orders today," declared the new salesman.

"Splendid", said the boss. "What were they?"

"Get out, and...stay out!"

-o-

!DO TIME, DON'T LET TIME DO YOU!



O.K. Gang ... at five this moring we all meet on tier six and sing to the boys.....

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THE
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XMAS
in
PRISON

PAROLE BOARD
(How it works)

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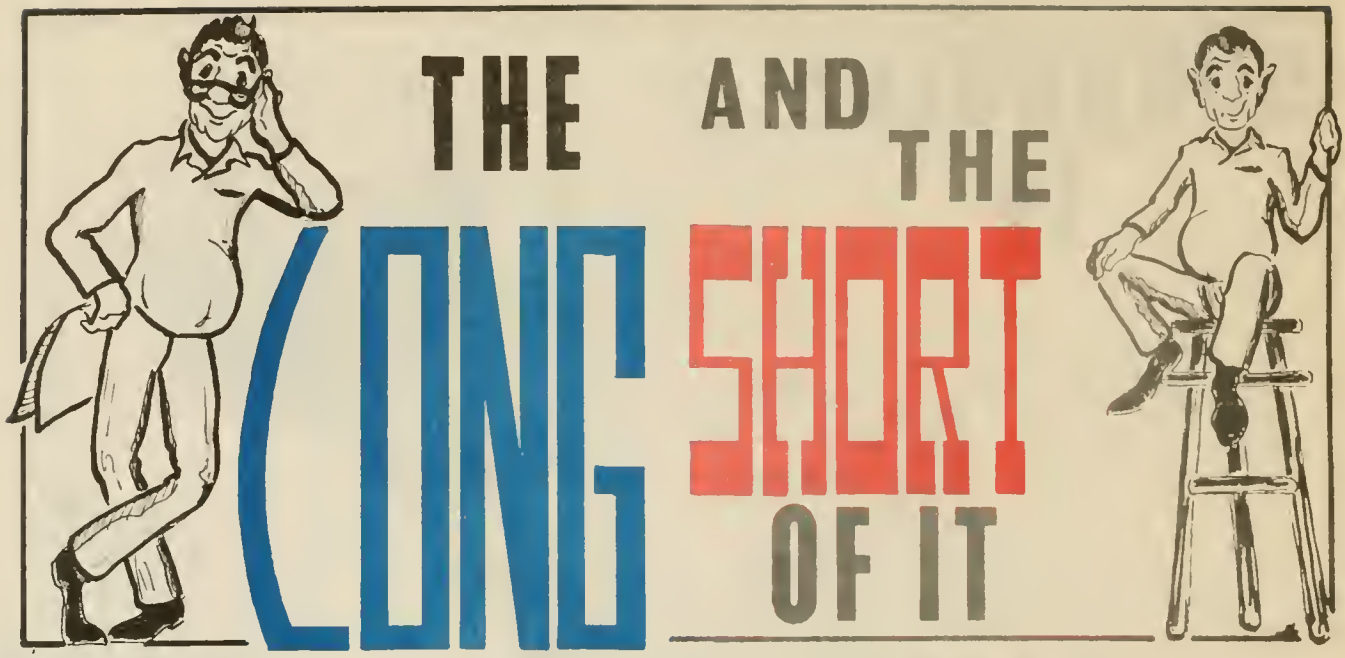

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